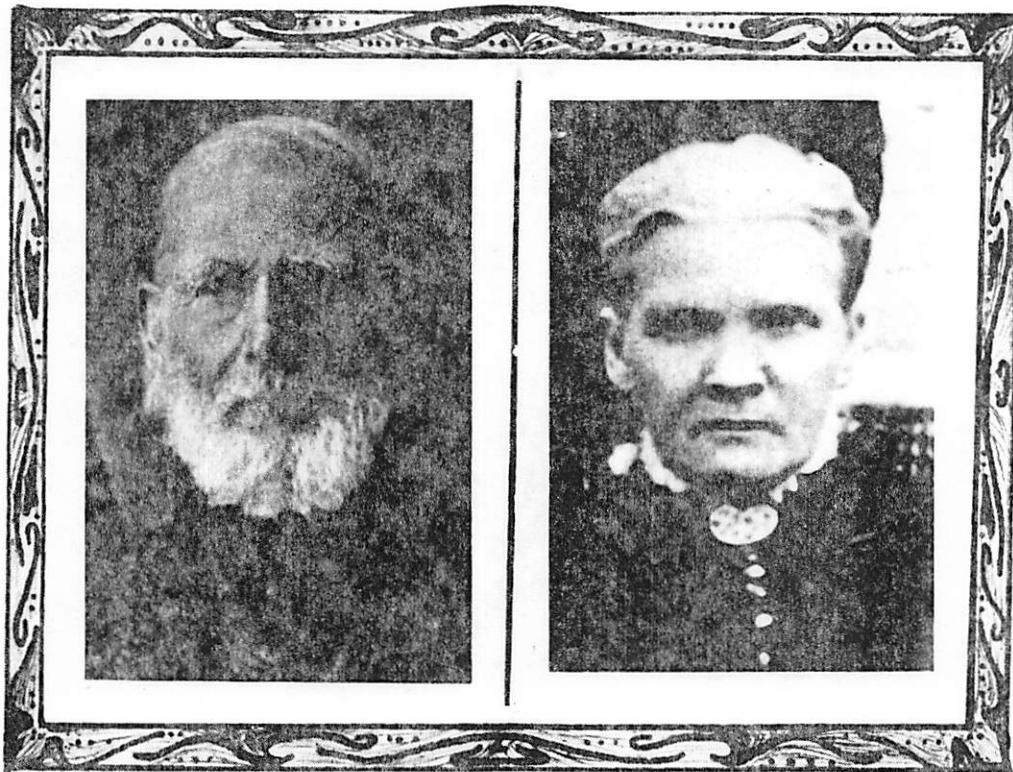


## WILLIAM MORGAN CLYDE — ELIZA McDONALD



William Morgan Clyde was born in Ogdensburg, New York, on April 8, 1829. His parents, George Washington Clyde and Cynthia Davis, were honest, industrious, reliable people. William's childhood was spent on the family farm in New York State. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when nine years old. His parents, along with several other families, left New York State to go to Zion in the spring of 1838.

The following story was told by William M. Clyde at the Clyde-McDonald family reunion held in Heber City, Utah, on May 1, 1898.

"In the spring of 1834 the first Mormon Elders that we ever heard of came to our neighborhood during a heavy rainstorm. Elder Heber C. Kimball was one of them, and through the influence of my father, Elder Kimball was allowed to use the schoolhouse for a meeting place. My mother was the first one to join the Mormon Church in that section of the country. They raised up quite a branch there.

"In 1837 my father went to Kirtland, Ohio, and helped to build the Temple there. Then he got the spirit of gathering to Zion. In the spring of 1838 we rigged up an outfit and started out

for Missouri. A little trip (about 1,500 miles) and we traveled all summer long getting into the State of Missouri. There were no railroads in those days. I traveled over every state between here and New York and never saw a railroad until after I came to Utah.

"They were having troublesome times when we arrived in Missouri. The mob met us and told us that we would have to go back out of the state because they were going to send all the Mormons out. We got into Missouri as far as Haun's Mill and were fortunate or unfortunate enough to be there when the massacre took place. The hardships and suffering of the women and children were beyond pen to describe. I saw mobs pillage, burn and kill, seeming to defy all law. Women fled to the woods with their crying children. My mother, having heard nothing of my father, and a sister, having heard nothing of her husband, determined to stay together and try to find their husbands, if alive. If not, they would leave the state together. However, my father, after being held a prisoner at the mill, succeeded in getting away and my uncle who was wounded at the mill, after much wandering and a great deal of suffering, found their families near Keetsville on their

W.M. Morgan Clyde